

*Helens cheek, but not his heart,
Cleopatra's Maieftie:*

*Attalanta's better part,
sad Lucrecia's Modestie.*

*Thus Rosalinde of manie parts,
by Heauenly Synode was deuiz'd,*

*Of manie faces, eyes, and hearts,
to haue the touches deereft priz'd.*

*Heauen would that these gifts should haue,
and I to line and die her flane.*

Ref. O most gentle Iupiter, what tedious homilie of Louchaue you wearied your parishioners withall, and neuer cri'de, haue patience good people.

Cel. How now backe friends: Shepheard, go off a little: go with him sirrah.

Cel. Come Shepheard, let vs make an honorable retreat, though not with bagge and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. *Exit.*

Cel. Didst thou heare these verses?

Ref. O yes, I heard them all, and more too, for some of them had in them more feete then the Verses would beare.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might beare 5 verses.

Ref. I, but the feet were lame, and could not beare themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou heare without wondering, how thy name should be hang'd and carued vpon these trees?

Ref. I was seuen of the nine daies out of the wonder, before you came: for looke heere what I found on a Palme tree; I was neuer so berim'd since *Pythagoras* time that I was an Irish Rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Tro you, who hath done this?

Ref. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chaine that you once wore about his neck: change you colour?

Ref. I prethee who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord, it is a hard matter for friends to meete; but Mountaines may bee remoou'd with Earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ref. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ref. Nay, I prethee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderfull, wonderfull, and most wonderfull wonderfull, and yet againe wonderfull, and after that out of all hooping.

Ref. Good my complexion, dost thou think though I am caparison'd like a man, I haue a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more, is a South-sea of discouerie. I prethee tell me, who is it quickly, and speake apace: I would thou couldst flammer, that thou might'st powre this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as Wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle: either too much at once, or none at all. I prethee take the Corke out of thy mouth, that I may drinke thy tydings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ref. Is he of Gods making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ref. Why God will send more, if the man will bee thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is yong *Orlando*, that tript vp the *Wraisters* heeles, and your heart, both in an instant.

Ref. Nay, but the diuell take mocking: speake sadde brow, and true maid.

Cel. I faith (Coz) tis he.

Ref. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ref. Alas the day, what shall I do with my doublet & hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What sayde he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes hee heere? Did he aske for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him againe? Answer me in one vword.

Cel. You must borrow me *Gargantuas* mouth first: 'tis a Word too great for any mouth of this Ages size, to say I and no, to these particulars, is more then to answer in a Catechisme.

Ref. But doth he know that I am in this Forrest, and in mans apparrell? Looks he as freshly, as he did the day he *Wraisted*?

Cel. It is as easie to count *Atomies* as to resolute the propositions of a Louer: but take a taste of my finding him, and tellst it with good obseruance. I found him vnder a tree like a drop'd *Acorne*.

Ref. It may vvel be cal'd *Ioues* tree, when it droppes forth fruite.

Cel. Giue me audience, good Madam.

Ref. Proceed.

Cel. There lay hee stretch'd along like a Wounded knight.

Ref. Though it be pittie to see such a sight, it vvell becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla, to the tongue, I prethee: it curuettes vnseasonably. He was furnish'd like a Hunter.

Ref. O ominous, he comes to kill my Hart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burthen, thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ref. Do you not know I am a woman, when I thinke, I must speake: sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando & Iaques.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft, comes he not heere?

Ref. 'Tis he, flinke by, and note him.

Iaq. I thanke you for your company, but good faith I had as lief haue beene my selfe alone.

Orl. And so had I: but yet for fashion sake

I thanke you too, for your societie.

Iaq. God buy you, let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Iaq. I pray you marre no more trees vwith Writing Loue-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you marre no moe of my verses with reading them ill-fauouredly.

Iaq. *Rosalinde* is your loues name? *Orl.* Yes, Just.

Iaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Iaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Tust as high as my heart.

Iaq. You are ful of prety answers: haue you not bin acquainted with goldsmiths wiues, & cond the out of things?

Orl. Not so: but I answer you right painted cloath, from whence you haue studied your questions.

Iaq. You haue a nimble wit; I thinke 'twas made of *Attalanta's* heeles. Will you sitte downe with me, and wee two, will raile against our *Mistris* the world, and all our miserie.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but my selfe against

against whom I know most faults.

Iaq. The worst fault you haue, is to be in loue.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change, for your best vertue: I am wearie of you.

Iaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a Foole, when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brooke, looke but in, and you shall see him.

Iaq. There I shal see mine owne figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a foole, or a Cipher.

Iaq. Ile tarric no longer with you, farewell good signior Loue.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: Adieu good Monsieur Melancholly.

Ref. I wil speake to him like a sawcie Lacky, and vnder that habit play the knaue with him, do you hear *Forde*?

Orl. Verie wel, what would you? *(rester.)*

Ref. I pray you, what is't a clocke?

Orl. You should aske me what time o' day: there's no clocke in the Forrest.

Ref. Then there is no true Louer in the Forrest, else fighting euerie minute, and groaning euerie houre wold detect the lazic foot of time, as well as a clocke.

Orl. And why not the swift foote of time? Had not that bin as proper?

Ref. By no means sir; Time trauels in diuers paces, with diuers persons: Ile tel you who Time ambles withall, who Time trots withall, who Time gallops withall, and who he stands still withall.

Orl. I prethee, who doth he trot withall?

Ref. Marry he trots hard with a yong maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a fennight, Times pace is so hard,

that it seemes the length of seuen yeare.

Orl. Who ambles Time withall?

Ref. With a Priest that lacks Latine, and a rich man that hath not the Gowne: for the one sleepest easily because he feels no paine: the one lacking the burthen of leane and wastefull Learnings the other knowing no burthen of heauie tedious penurie.

Orl. These Time ambles withall.

Ref. Who doth he gallop withall?

Ref. With a theefe to the gallowes: for though hee go as softly as foot can fall, he thinke himselfe too soon there.

Orl. Who staies it still withall?

Ref. With Lawiers in the vacation: for they sleepe betweene Terme and Terme, and then they perceiue not how time moues.

Orl. Where dwel you prettie youth?

Ref. With this Shepheardesse my sister: heere in the skirts of the Forrest, like fringe vpon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ref. As the Conie that you see dwell where shee is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer, then you could purchase in so remoued a dwelling.

Ref. I haue bin told so of many: but indeed, an olde religious Vnckle of mine taught me to speake, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew Courtship too well: for there he fel in loue. I haue heard him read many Lectors against it, and I thanke God, I am not a Woman to be touch'd with so many giddie offences as hee hath generally tax'd their whole sex withall.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principall euils,

that he laid to the charge of women?

Ref. There were none principal, they were all like one another, as halfe pence are, euerie one fault seeming monstrous, til his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prethee recount some of them.

Ref. No: I wil not cast away my physick, but on those that are sicke. There is a man haunts the Forrest, that abuses our yong plants with caruing *Rosalinde* on their barks; hangs Oades vpon Hawthornes, and Elegies on brambles; all (forsooth) defying the name of *Rosalinde*. If I could meet that Fancie-monger, I would giue him some good counsel, for he seemes to haue the Quotidian of Loue vpon him.

Orl. I am he that is so Loue-shak'd, I pray you tel me your remedie.

Ref. There is none of my Vnckles markes vpon you: he taught me how to know a man in loue: in which cage of rushes, I am sure you art not prisoner.

Orl. What were his markes?

Ref. A leane cheek, which you haue not: a blew eie and funken, which you haue not: an vnquestionable spirit, which you haue not: a beard neglected, which you haue not: (but I pardon you for that, for simply your hauing in beard, is a yonger brothers reuennue) then your hose should be vngarter'd, your bonnet vnbande'd, your sleeue vnbutton'd, your shoe vntied, and euerie thing about you, demonstrating a careless desolation: but you are no such man; you are rather point device in your accoutrements, as louing your selfe, then seeming the Louer of any other. *(I Loue.)*

Orl. Faire youth, I would I could make thee beleue

Ref. Me beleue it? You may asoone make her that you Loue beleue it, which I warrant she is apter to do, then to confesse she do's: that is one of the points, in the which women still giue the lie to their consciences. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the Trees, wherein *Rosalind* is so admired?

Orl. I sweare to thee youth, by the white hand of *Rosalind*, I am that he, that vnfortunate he.

Ref. But are you so much in loue, as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can expresse how much.

Ref. Loue is meereely a madnesse, and I tel you, deserves as wel a darke house, and a whip, as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured, is that the Lunacie is so ordinarie, that the whippers are in loue too: yet I professe curing it by counsaile.

Orl. Did you euer cure any so?

Ref. Yes one, and in this manner. Hee was to imagine me his Loue, his *Mistis*: and I set him euerie day to woe me. At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, greue, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of teares, full of smiles; for euerie passion something; and for no passion truly any thing, as boyes and women are for the most part, cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loath him: then entertaine him, then forswear him: now weepe for him, then spit at him; that I draue my Sutor from his mad humor of loue, to a liuing humor of madnesse, & was to forswear the full stream of y world, and to liue in a nooke meere Monastick: and thus I cur'd him, and this way wil I take vpon mee to wash your Litter as cleane as a found sheepes heart, that there shal not be one spot of Loue in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ref. I would cure you, if you would but call me *Rosalind*, and come euerie day to my Coat, and woe me.

R 3

Orl.